

the FANSCIENT

1st
ANNIVERSARY
№5 FALL
15¢



JAEPHUS - See page 14

PORTLAND SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

Will you pardon us if we glow a bit. With this issue, our second year of KNEELAND publications starts. In the last year, we've increased the number of pages, gone all lithoed and introduced the new "Pocket Sized" format as well as bringing you an increasing number of the top writers and artists in the field. With your help, we'll go even farther in the future. Keep your own skins up and tell your friends to subscribe.

We'd hoped to bring you more pages this time, but lack of ads made it impossible. However, lack of ads made it possible to get a number of additional items in, which we hope you'll like.

Henry Kuttner has favored us this time with a delightful and unclassifiable item. We don't know whether it is an article or a short-story, but whatever it is, it's wonderful.

It is a pleasure to honor in our first Anniversary Issue, that most beloved of fantasy authors, "Doc" Keller, who graces the AFTERNOON, AUTHOR department. The bibliography was compiled by Col. and Mrs. Keller and is a marvel of completeness and also a lot of work. Many thanks to him.

This issue, we have another FANSCIENT discovery, Miles Eaton. Watch that boy; he's going places. We'll let you discover for yourself why we're so excited by reading "The Watcher in the Snow" and another longer piece scheduled in the next issue.

A variety of articles, cartoons and book reviews complete the issue. We need more of these short reviews. If you have any favorite or unusual books, review them briefly and send them in.

Hope you like the issue.

Don Day

P. S.: We need material of all kinds now. It takes time to illustrate stuff well, so send it in as soon as possible.

FANSCIENT

Thanks

the following, whose contributions have made this last year possible.

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GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

by

THYRIL L. LADD

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND was, perhaps more than anything else, a story-teller. True enough, some of his writing was used as a vehicle for propaganda, but, whenever this was so, England was clever enough to see to it that his tale never suffered.

England was an extremely prolific writer, and I must confess that I have never seen even an attempt at a complete listing of his work. In this article I shall deal with only five of his fiction titles, and one other. All of those of which I plan to tell appeared in book form, though the greater bulk of England's fiction had only magazine presentation.

I shall attempt no critical analysis of England's style; for me, *The Story* is the thing, and since a

Illustration for *DARKNESS AND DARK*

story has pleased me and given me entertainment, why should I pick it apart, as to its construction?

England's best known story is, of course, the monstrously long tale, "Darkness and Dawn" (1914). This book was originally published as a trilogy of three novels, "Darkness and Dawn", "Beyond the Great Division" and "The Afterglow", and was so reprinted, in later years, in three issues of FANTASY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY. To me, this story holds a never-fading fascination, nor is my pleasure diminished by re-reading it. It is an account, vividly told, of a young engineer and his stenographer working in the top of the Metropolitan Tower, New York City, to find that they have slept a strange sleep for centuries. On awakening, they find New York—America——has crumbled into ruins, and seems to have utterly vanished—the forest has invaded the city——and they stand to be alone in a remote world. So varied and many are their adventures, so wide the splendid scope of this novel, that space can permit no further revelation of plot. Suffice it say that any fantasy reader who has not read this masterpiece of imagination, certainly should see to it that he does so.

In the next year after "Darkness and Dawn", there was published one of the very unusual books of fantasy. This is "The Air Trust" (1915). Right away, it must be pointed out that England was an avowed Socialist, and two, at least, of the novels I discuss herein, were definitely propaganda for Socialism. Indeed "The Air Trust" is dedicated to Eugene F. Kane, parental Socialist candidate for President. Yet England's Socialistic propaganda in this book, positively do not detract from its quality as a fantasy.



"The Air Trust" tells of two millionaires who "corner" air, and plan to sell it to Americans, even as gas and electricity are sold today. A young Socialist in their chief adversary is in the battle for air, which follows, even to that bitter and when revolution occurs among the people, and they store the well-guarded factories and vaults of the Air Trust. The love-affair of the daughter of one of the magnates with the young Socialist—her conversion to Socialism—provides the sentimental portion of the book.

Mr. England was still preaching Socialism through his fiction, in his next novel, "The Golden Night" which appeared the next year, 1914. In this tale, a young scientist, disgusted with the arrogant and unjust supremacy which gold has given to the wealthy, invents a machine—a ray—which causes gold to turn to ashes. Here, indeed, England has created a situation which allows him to paint striking pictures of a world where gold has crumbled to valueless ashes—and he makes the most of it. The reader's undivided attention is held to the very end of this exciting and unusual conception.

Except for occasional allusions, England now abandons the overall Socialist background for his writing, and we find appearing in 1917 an effective novel of retribution, called "Quareed!" In abused native woman calls down on a ruthless and wicked sea-captain, a terrible curse—yes, however, to be delivered on the next generation. The sea-captain, turning to a better life, marries, and has a son. On this son, there falls the dreadful curse of the Maying witch. Here England tells, and most successfully, the torture of a man's soul, wrong by racism, and compelled to watch his son follow a course of evil, as foretold to him.

"The Flying Legion" (1920) is

creamed with thrilling and breathless adventure. A giant plane is stolen by a company of men, entirely composed of negroes of the First World War. This group—under rigid discipline, led by one called the Master—have as a final goal as less an enterprise than the stealing away from Holy Mecca certain revered objects of the Mohammedan faith—such as the sacred "golden water-spout", etc. The tale is tense, throughout, and an interesting development is found when one of the supposedly all-male membership of the company is discovered to be a woman. There is plenty of fast action—exciting moments—in this story, which case, by the way, was serialized in the now long-extinct AIR WOMEN STORY.

The book editions of all of these stories were illustrated. "Darkness and Dawn" has a magnificent colored frontispiece, as well as other pictures in black and white. "Quareed" has a striking colored frontispiece as its only illustration, as does "The Flying Legion". Both "The Air Trust" and "The Golden Night" have a number of black and white illustrations.

England was author, not only of much fiction, but also of a number of travel books. One of these non-fiction titles merits attention in this article; this is "Isles of Romance" (1927), well illustrated with photographs. Interest in this book, to the furthest extent, lies in the fact that England visited and described—and so well—some places which have been the locale of weird and fantastic stories by various writers. He visits the Dry Tortugas; old Fort Jefferson, a bastille located 120 miles out at sea in the Gulf of Mexico, and now entirely abandoned by the United States, its owner. Also Anticosti; the Grand Cayman, one-time pirate island and

(Continued on Page 23)



NO ONE now alive knows the real reason behind the collapse of Fantasy's two major magazines. This is not surprising, since the incident is not due to occur until 1958, and, in fact, these particular publications have not yet printed their first issues. But by a

process of extrapolation, I have managed to chart certain probability lines, and the conclusion I've reached seems an inescapable one. Most to my regret, I must point out that after 1958 not a single science-fiction or weird fiction magazine will be published.

The nice thing about extrapolation is that when such factors as semantics, psychology and social dynamics are taken into consideration, you get a pretty vivid picture of what's going to happen. A wiggle on a graph may be significant, but I've been getting my meanings conveyed to me by means of words (and gestures) for some while now, and the impact of the tragedy was brought home more vividly by the nature of the composite picture, which looks less like a graph than a small-sized stage, with people moving around on it, rather seriously. Occasionally there's some blurring, but pragmatism is still in the lafayette, and my eyes were blurred with tears anyhow.

I don't know exactly what's go-

ing to happen next year, or the year after that, but, generally speaking, a certain trend is going to develop, one that's evident even now. The line of demarcation between fantasy and science-fiction is going to be more sharply drawn. Today some magazines lean toward fantasy, others toward technology, and if they vary too much from their policy, readers often write in complaining letters. As a writer of fact, I've had this happen myself, but I don't pretend to know what kind of stories I write. Maybe it depends on whether I feel fantastic or scientific at the time. It's out of my control, which doesn't seem quite fair. After all, when the readers pay for a magazine, they're entitled to get the sort of stories they want. But this isn't a discussion of my stuff, and, anyway, if anybody wants my opinion, I prefer

Merrill.

However, by 1938 there weren't—won't be—any stories by me in any magazine, and I haven't the least idea what happened. Sometimes I must extrapolate again and find out. I did notice a 1938 newspaper that mentioned the death of Lord Oatman—that was in the St. John Bell News Broadsheet—but it didn't go into details. This Oatman guy was a professional geek, anyhow, whatever that is. Probably some kind of scientist unknown to our present era.

However, by 1938, I gathered, there was only one publishing firm in the world. All others had been assimilated and the editors were hired two, or, if recalled, sent, shot. The writers were rounded up and confined in a cell-block in the basement of the building, in cells. (The ones who couldn't or wouldn't learn to use wire-tape recorders were also shot. Some of the others demanded pistols, but this request was denied.)

As I mentioned, there were only two magazines left which could be classified as imaginative in type. If you don't count **THE DOPPELGÄNGER**. One was named **GEARED TALES**, and was edited by a guy named Thirkettle; this was science-fiction. The other was **FEARED TALES**, edited by a Mr. Filchard, and this specialized in weird fiction. Both editors were facing a crisis. The Circulation Department had spoken to the Front Office, and the Front Office had sent down a memo, circulated as a stone tablet.

Thirkettle picked up the May 1938 **GEARED TALES** and looked at it unappetily.

"Complaints," he said. "No matter what I do, complaints. I've tried to keep **GEARED TALES** strictly scientific. I've used symbolic covers till I'm black in the face—stones and graphs and even the multiplication tables. And



still we get kicks. Do you see any element of fantasy in this cover, Filchard?"

Filchard looked at it. "No," he said.

"Neither do I. It's a blueprint. Just a plain, simple blueprint. There isn't anything fantastic about it. It's a blueprint of an optical phenomenon on Mars, done in blue, white and black. I even save money by using a two-color process, and what happens? Complaints. Mars is the name of a mythical god, so it's got fantastical connotations. Use I name Mars? And they complain about using blue on the cover. It's got an emotional significance, and emotions are pure fantasy."

"You've got trouble?" Filchard said. He showed Thirkettle a copy of **FEARED TALES**. "Look at this cover. A pure abstraction. There isn't a sine curve in it. All the colors we could put in and everything asymmetrical. And I'm flooded with complaints because the cover's too scientific. The frame is rectangular, and that's geometry, a science. How can I put out a magazine shaped like an ink-blot?"

"Science-fiction has to be scientific," Thirkettle said severely. "No element of fantasy. And vice versa. I've already cut out all the illustrations so I can use logarithmic tables instead. Here's something that slipped by me. A character in a poem scratched his head, and the author didn't explain the principles of leverage and energy involved."

"You're too easy on your writers," Filchard said. "You should have had him shot as an example."

"Oh, we put out his eyes, of course, but the harm was done. Floods of letters kicking about the fantasy element. Once let a character scratch his head without determining the constitution, and where's science? Newton might

never have lived.

"That reminds me," Filchard said. "I had something similar happen. Your speaking of Newton reminded me of it. One of my authors referred to a newt in a poem—"

"No!"

"Yes, it seems that the character, experimenting with forbidden arts, had become transformed into an emotional mood in the personality of a certain nameless god, and right in the middle of a good subjective sequence, where the guy felt as though he'd sunk into a morass of misanthropic morbidity, he brings in a newt. Of course you know what happened."

"Of course. The frame of reference would have enabled every reader to associate newt with Newton. No wonder you got kicks."

"He won't do it again," Filchard said, rather glumly. "We've got a robot reading back all the

Feared TALES



and "FEARED" - 12

guy's old stories to him."

"But . . . after all, authors are human. That's going a little far, really. I don't mind a human discipline like disembowelment, but when it comes to downright—"

"We tried disembowelment," Filchard said. "The guy just started writing a novel about his guts. No, we've got to be firm, Thirskville. Once let science-fiction and weird-fiction get together, and you get—" He glanced around and lowered his voice to a whisper. "~~—science-fiction.~~"

"Gee!" Filchard said hastily. "There are humane precedents!"

It was, however, too late. Letters of fire appeared on the wall. They read as follows:

"Memo from the front office. We've been withholding the last batch of complaints, hoping the situation would improve, but such subversive talk leaves us an alternative. You will read the letters from readers, sent herewith, and do what is necessary. Memo sent total separate."

A flood of letters cascaded from above. Filchard and Thirskville, with white faces, glanced at each other and then began to read. The conclusion was inescapable.

All the readers of *SHAKED TALES* complained that the magazine was full of letters of the alphabet. Not only were the shapes of the letters asymmetrical and non-geometric (except G), but the historical connotations traced back to hieroglyphs, based as they were on religious and sectional symbolism. "The alphabet is nothing but fast-food," one reader wrote, or rather charmed on a graph. "I shall never read *SHAKED TALES* again."

On the other hand, all the readers of *FIRED TALES* complained that the magazine was full of letters of the alphabet. Not only were the shapes of the letters an intellectual synthesis of logical deduction, but the historical con-



notations traced back to hieroglyphs, the result of a rational progression of association and mathematics in which the sum of the parts equalled the whole, which involved an ideation of the colloid association of the brain. [Excerpt G.] "The alphabet is nothing but science," one reader wrote, or rather finger-painted. "I shall never read *FIRED TALES* again."

Filchard and Thirskville lifted their hands. They both spoke at the same time.

"The next issue must be printed on blank paper," they said.

"If you print anything on blank paper, it won't be blank," Filchard corrected both himself and his co-editor.

"Well, I mean we won't print anything at all on the pages. While we're at it, we might as well leave out the illustrations,

And the cover must be blank too, of course."

"It's the only thing to do," Filchard agreed, reaching for a bottle of white ink. "The next issue of FRANK TALKS won't have a word in it."

"Or the next issue of CRANK TALKS. This should boost circulation tremendously. We won't get a single kick."

And this explains why the last issue of CRANK TALKS and FRANK TALKS, published in 1978, were absolutely and completely blank. Even the covers were plain, unadorned heavy coated white stock. A completely unexpected result of this slight change of policy, however, was that not a copy of either magazine sold. Not only were the readers quite unable to recognize their favorite publications, but so price was printed on the covers, so that the news-stand dealers were equally baffled and could offer no practical advice. Of course, when the Circulation Department found that all the copies of both CRANK TALKS and FRANK TALKS were returned, they spoke to the Front Office, and the Front Office spoke to Filchard and Pilehardt, who killed themselves. It was decided to discontinue publication of both magazines, under the circumstances. The authors in the basement sub-basement were liquidated. (They were made into wood-pulp, in fact.)

Somewhat later, an editor named

Ootewald proposed a fantasy magazine which would combine both science-fiction and weird-fiction, but an array of science-fiction and weird-fiction fans straightway dragged him screaming out of his office and lynched him, after horrible tortures. I believe this is the first and last time the two groups ever united for a single purpose. I have been able to extrapolate as far as 1978, and in that year nothing at all will be published. In fact, the entire world will have been depopulated except for an array of science-fiction readers and one of weird-fiction readers, and they will have exterminated each other completely by, at the latest, 2008.

It all seems rather a pity, but it's not of my hands. I just felt that since my extrapolation has succeeded so well, it would be unfair of me not to share my secret with the world. I have no strong convictions either way, speed, since all I ever read is Dick Tracy. Now there's something that's both scientific and weird. If I extrapolate any more, I'll pass the word along, but it won't be for a while, as the process takes several years, and I'll be tied up next summer, I hope. I'm trying to get a job with some direct. There's more dough in that than in writing. You eat better, too—chicken three times a day.

THE END.

In 149

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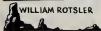
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The WATCHER

in the SNOW

by
Miles Eaton.

And as I walked, it began to snow softly, obscuring the rapids of the Hudson and mellowing the mists which rose from the boiling springs of Teotihuacan. So it was that I could no longer discern the Kraggs which kept pace with me a stone's throw to my right hand, and I knew not my direction. And I saw a vision of a stately city lowering thru the swirling snow and retreating before me as I advanced, so that it was neither nearer nor farther than when I first observed it.

The snow narrowed my world until it consisted of an arm's length before me and an inch behind. I could no longer select the dress between the twisted outcroppings

of rock and I had much ado to rear from the naked trees that rose threateningly before me.

Then it was that presently I came upon a grapplehead, clad in a tattered scrap of skin, who sat with his back leaned against a log. A sword with a spot of red on the point lay bare across his knees and his eyes peered into the snow in the direction in which I traveled. Then I saw on the arms of the tree nearby, huge banks of new-cured flesh, hanging as if to cure.

The man headed me not until I laid a hand upon his shoulder, whereupon he started and swung his face upon me. But his eyes sought not mine, but looked thru me into the swirling snow.

"Brother," said I to him, "Do not linger here, for the snow is wet and the wind is keen, and your wrap is thin and worn."

"No!" said he, and turned once more to look in the direction in which I traveled.

And there was a dim stately city showing feebly through an opening in the snow, no whit closer nor as farther than when I had first ob-

served it. I nodded at it.

"Come," said I, "let us journey together toward that city where we might at least find warmth."

"Go!" said he again, and grasped the pommel of his sword in his lean strong hand.

Whereupon I said no more, but scarping together a few twigs, I laid a fire at one end of the bog. Striking a pebble against my sword, I soon had a yellow flame which spread rapidly with the falling snow. Then I rested nearby, watching him, for I was deterred to find the meaning of his strange behavior.

He paid no heed to the fire, nor did he speak a word to me. I held my tongue and waited, wondering why his eyes never turned from peering into the direction which I trembled. And once the dim city showed again thro the snow and once I heard a low whining as of jackals in the distance, sounding queerly like female voices singing. But the watcher heeded them not, nor addressed me where I rested, so I warmed my hands at the fire and waited.

Then from the valley of white that bordered our little world, methought I saw a strange form rising. Borne of the snow it was and shining with a cold lustrousness of another world. And I sawed its legs and viewed its strange bulging shape and the way it flowed like a scolopeda toward us and I knew that here was no natural thing of evolution, but the product of a madman's dream.

The figure of the watcher stiffened and his hand tightened on the pommel of his sword. Then as the thing took shape before us, he rose, and with a curse leaped upon it, dying the point of his metal with a man's scarlet. And I heard the sound of many voices, women's voices, rising in a wild psalm of triumph, and looking, I saw the stately city, nearby now, stretch-

ing on as on a heart advanced. And the pulsating of its golden walls was the breathing of the breath of life and the chorus of sweet female voices was the sound of its great heart beating.

But the cries of the watcher called me to his side. He screamed with rage and fear as he pursued his mad attack on the creature of the snow. And now as I watched, the creature of the heart changed swiftly and shrank into a form strangely human and feminine. And from its monstrous throat went up a female cry of anguish, echoed by the chorus of voices from the city. Strong in my ears beat the loud pulsation and of a sudden, I knew a great fear.

For the heart was a woman bare, with dark lashes and a smile for those who long for women. And as I looked, the watcher's arm grew lax with awe and wonder and the woman leaped upon him, now mere a motionless heart that never knew a mother.

I heard his scream once, short and quick. I plucked my blade from my side and leaped to help him. From the midst of the thing, his metal yet linked at vital spots of life in the thing that had no life.

And lo! together we addressed it and made our business with it, while in our ears rang the dirge of the chorus of females of the noble city. Together he and I, we swung till our arms grew faint and our heads swam and we dispatched it together, and with the last gasp from its throat, which was no breath of earth, the chorus died and the snow obscured the light-sore of our battle.

And we divided it, he and I, into three parts, one of which we flung into the swirling rapids of the Sudownah, another into the boiling spring of Youth and the third, we hung, as game is hung, from the

(Continued on Page 14)

JAEPHUS

by Donald B. Day



So many misconceptions are abroad concerning my association with Jaephus, that I feel that the true facts should be put on record. To begin with, it is not even certain that he is a lobby. True, he considered himself one and would retaliate in the particularly messy way at which he was so adept, when anyone referred to him as an "invisible dog."

It was about 1935 when our paths first crossed. This morning, the magazine crew I was working with then was assembling ready to leave the office. Bill Oliver climbed into the back seat and closed the door. Suddenly there was a wild thrashing of arms as, beside me, Bill beat the air in front of us. It ended as quickly, as Bill made a quick grab and held triumphantly at arm's length, something I could not see.

"I told you to stay home, Jaephus. What's the idea of sneaking along?" Bill sternly addressed his

apparently empty hand. The hand shook in token of an inevitable struggle, then was still. Bill ripped out a string of curses as he surveyed a spreading wet spot on his trouser leg directly under his outstretched hand.

Such was my introduction to Jaephus. Bill had just moved to a new hotel and reported finding him staring the new quarters. Since Jaephus went out with the crew often, I soon became well acquainted with him. If not crossed, he would leave you alone, generally. But was to him who crossed the life of Jaephus. His temper was formidable and retribution was quick.

Despite his small size, nature had equipped him well for survival. He could grasp with both his tentacles and his forearms while the hooves on his hind legs bruised and the talons on his middle pair of legs scratched unmercifully.

Jaephus was also difficult to catch, due largely to the eyes situated in his buttocks, enabling him to see in all directions at once. It was, however, in his typical gesture of defiance that these eyes came most into play. With their aid, he was able to direct the by-products of his penitential metabolism to the precise spot that would most discomfort his antagonist.

All this time, I've been talking about Jaephus, the lobby. As was

stated above, it is still not certain that he was a lobby. At the time Joseph first appeared, Nelson Bond's series of radio programs, "Mr. Morgenstern's Lobby" was on the air. Bill, hearing one of the programs, and shortly encountering an invisible creature of unknown classification, tentatively identified him as a lobby.

The name, "Joseph", was Bill's memory of the name of one of them. Joseph offered no objection to the name, but there is no evidence that it was his true name.

In contrast to his indifference to the name, was his unmistakable insistence that he was a lobby. At the time, we took this to be proof that our identification had been correct. Our assurance was readily blasted a bit later, tho, on reading for the first time, Mr. Bond's excellent description of the life and habits of lobbies. You see, Mr. Morgenstern's lobbies told him things. And Joseph never uttered a word.

Bill and I took Joseph to task about this one day in a booth at The Nugget. We wanted him, he insisted that perhaps he was not a lobby at all, or if a lobby, then a morose one.

That we touched some sore point, was attested by the fact that he didn't retaliate in his customary way for such insults. He simply sat there and radiated superior contempt. To one not acquainted with Joseph, it is difficult to explain. Radiating contempt without spoken words or visible expression or gestures is admittedly difficult. Perhaps he did it thru some form of sub-sonics. It may be that, knowing him and his supreme contempt for mere humans, we simply recognized his attitude in his silence.

At that time, we made only one further attempt to identify his species. With the lie that there he would find ample quantities of

free beer, we lured him to the office of a biology professor at Reed College. Out of deference to a once fine mind, I shall omit the man's name. Unfortunately he was unable to tell us anything further about Joseph. In fact, the last I heard, he still hadn't said anything. He simply sat rigidly, staring straight ahead and had to be fed through a tube. At the last count, he had worn out 33 tubes.

It was shortly after this tragedy that I left the magazine crew. Except for the occasion that I drank beer with Bill and some of the other boys, Joseph largely passed out of my life.

In due course, the war came and with it my greetings. The eve of V-Day found me on army radio on a hospital train, shuffling all over Europe. We lived, four men to a regular French sleeping compartment, right on the train. We were stationed wherever the train stopped. We until shortly before the end of hostilities, it seldom stopped long.

During one of our layovers in Paris, I was standing at the bar in the Cafe Mard at Place Clichy. Beside me on the bar was a shot of cognac and "an demi" of the victory French beer.

I was deep in conversation with Marcel, the bartender. At the time, my French was practically non-existent and since Marcel knew no English, getting the simplest ideas across required considerable concentration. Having put some point across by sheer force, I turned to my drink for restoration. To my surprise, the cognac glass was now empty. I glanced down the bar. No one was near me. Over at a table, a "Fille de Jais" named Lucie was playing some GI sucker along. She was a notorious mother and drunk-roller, but a moment's reflection convinced me that stealing someone's drink was

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David H. Keller Ph.D.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

DAVID H. KELLER, M. D.

It would be difficult to evaluate in full, the contribution that David H. Keller, M. D. has made to the field of science-fiction and fantasy literature. It is not enough to say that his stories are to be found among the best in every type in the field: science-fiction, weird, horror and pure fantasy. To speak of his mastery in the telling of tales, his deceptively simple economy of phrase, the terrific impact he can convey with a few quiet words, is to tell only half the story.

Back in 1928, with a few notable exceptions, "stories" stood and fell on the scientific idea. Practically everything was new then, plots were sketchy, and characterization was practically non-existent.

It was on this scene, then, that "Recoil of the Fantastiques" appeared in the February 1928 issue of AMAZING STORIES. It was a new type of science-fiction story that was to exert a profound influence

on the entire field. The scientific idea was there, but that was not all. The story was primarily concerned with people; with their actions and reactions under the impact of a new idea.

Today, when the accepted form of story, aside from the "science" phase, is the psychological tale, it is difficult to realize the extent to which Dr. Keller's stories differed from what had gone before. Suffice it to say that this first and the stories that followed, quickly brought him to a position of leadership in the field.

In spite of holding a full-time job, he remained among the most prolific authors over a period of years. Galileo after himself rolled from his typewriter, to cease only when pressure of his army duties forced him to curtail his writing during the war.

It is with pleasure that we now hear from "Doc" Keller, one of the most beloved of fantasy authors.

On the 31st of December, 1940, my parents had a birthday party at which I was the guest speaker. At that time a blizzard was raging in

Philadelphia, which limited the attendance at the reunion.

My ancestors left France and Germany between 1740-50 for a new

home in Pennsylvania. Here they founded the town of Kellersville in what is now Monroe County. A complete history of these families is contained in my **KNELLERS OF HAMILTON TOWNSHIP** and the **GRONCH-WHITEHILL FAMILIES**.

Members of these families have served in every war from the French and Indian; but, while excellent soldiers, remarkable propagandists and clever politicians, none have shown any inclination to write except myself.

After receiving a preliminary education in the Boy's Central High School of Philadelphia, I entered the Medical Department of the U. of P., graduating at the age of 23 years. Thus there was no opportunity for a cultural education. In later years this was much regretted and has caused my rather celebrated statement, "I never had an education."

Three years of practice increased the desire to live in the country. The next nine years were spent as a Horse and Doggy Doctor in Roswell, Pa. It was a hard life. In 1914 I worked in Pleasantville, N. J. in an effort to regain my health. Then I became a physician in the Anna State Hospital for the insane in Illinois. While there, I was given a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve, and was called to active duty at the onset of World War I.

From that time until June, 1943, I served either as an officer in all of World Wars I and II, or as Assistant Superintendent of State Hospitals for the insane in Louisiana, Tennessee or Pennsylvania.

In June, 1943, I was placed on inactive duty as a Lieut. Colonel and retired for physical disability. Being subject to call, I expect to see active duty in World War III in which war there will be need for all the experienced phy-

siatians available for service to the abnormal. While I am waiting for the bugle call, I am resting in Underwood, my home in Broadwater, Pa. There my wife, Gail, and my dog, Ten Ten, keep me company. Sometimes the three of us take long automobile tours. At home, we write and play cards, and work in our garden and write. In our spare time, we write.

This Policy of Writing started early in life when I put myself to sleep telling stories. Later when I learned to read, I became familiar with Beesly, Baggard, Kipling, Hixson, Harris and Les MacLaren. Writing permitted me to become acquainted with David N. Keller.

An old Latin motto states, "We learn to do by doing." At the age of fifteen, I had my first story published in a newspaper. After that, more stories and poems in High School, College and religious papers. In college I became an Associate Editor of an amateur magazine, **THE WHITE OWL**. Six of my stories were printed in it.

After that I simply wrote for pleasure and made no effort to sell or print. Over five thousand pages of typewriting were produced of novels, stories and poems.

In the fall of 1927, I bought a copy of **AMAZING STORIES**, read it and in longhand wrote a science-fiction story, **THE REVOLT OF THE PRIMITIVE**. Hugo Bernbach bought this and then printed it in **AMAZING STORIES**, Volume II, No 2, February 1928.

From that time on I wrote in all spare moments. Science-fiction, weird, off-trail. All simply flowed in an apparently unending stream from the Old Cosmos, as a study of my bibliography will show. But that makes no mention of several medical books and over seven hundred and fifty medical articles. During one period of forty-seven consecutive days I was able to write a 500,000 word medi-

all book during my hours off duty.

While in active service in war time, I wrote very little. Now, in ripe maturity, I find there is not enough time for all the literary work which seems so important. One book is here, two are in the process of birth and four are gestating. My friends urge me to re-write four of my earlier novels and I have a new novel and fourteen new stories to write.

"This is not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door", but it should suffice. The fact is that it does not. Many Fanzine editors write asking for contributions. Someday I will complete an additional bibliography giving only Fanzine stories, articles and poems. That will be interesting.

Rejection? Many. Reasons? Varied. My collection of reject letters would not fill a pillow or paper a room but some day will furnish material for a Fanzine article. Many were rejected because they were too beautiful. I

have called this "The Kiss of Death". One was rejected as being "too horrible to print" but this story, now printed twice, is being praised by the reviewers.

All in all the first sixty-eight years of life have been happy. In the words of the immortal G. I. Joe, "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

---David M. Keller, M. D.

A Bibliography of the Science-Fiction, Weird and Off-Trail writings of Dr. Keller follows. It is of interest to note that one story has been reprinted six times; three stories, four times; two stories, three times; eighteen stories, two times.

This bibliography was compiled by Dr. Keller and the classification is his.

Noteworthy is the fact that the 128 stories listed here appeared in 58 different magazines and books.

SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES by DAVID M. KELLER, M. D.

Title	Magazine	Date
Air Lines	Amazing Stories	Jan. 1930
Amuletter, The	Amazing Stories	Apr. 1932
Biological Experiment, A	Amazing Stories	June 1932
Bloodless War, The	Air Wonder Stories	July 1939
Bloodless Horror, The	Science Wonder Stories	July 1939
Bloodless Horror, The	Startling Stories	Nov. 1941
Bloodless Horror, The	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
Bombcrashing "Round the Moon	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Fall 1930
Burning Water "1	Amazing Detective Tales	June 1930
Cerebral Library, The "1	Amazing Stories	May 1931
Cerebral Library, The "1	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
Conquerors, The (2 parts)	Science Wonder Stories	Dec. 1937
Malgrants, The (Chap. 2 of CONQUER)	Science Fiction Digest	Aug. 1938
Starcial Professors, The	Amazing Stories	Aug. 1937
Starcial Professors, The	Tales of Wonder	Aug. 1938
Mathematics Limited "1	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Fall 1939
Traveling Star, The (2 parts)	Science Wonder Stories	Apr. 1930
Fanzine Metamorphosis, The "1	Science Wonder Stories	Aug. 1939
Fireless Age, The	Amazing Stories	Aug. 1937
Flying Fool, The	Amazing Stories	July 1939
(Le Pen du Chial)(Fr) (2 parts)	Les Frimaires	July 1937

Flying Threat, The		Amazing Stories Quarterly	Apr. 1930
Free as the Air		Amazing Stories	June 1931
LA GUERRE DU LIENNE (The Ivy War)	Book in French by David N. Keller,		
M. D. with introduction by Regis Messias, Barbieroux, a San-Le, France			
Containing "La Guerre du Lienné"	"Les Mânes et la Machine" and "La		
Stories Automatiques" limited to 1000 copies.	1934.		
Half-Mile Hill		Amazing Stories Quarterly	Dec. 1931
Hands of Doom #1		Ten Story Detective	Oct. 1947
Human Variables, The (3 parts)	N	Science Wonder Stories	Sep. 1929
Human Variables, The (4 parts)	N	Deutsche Future	Dec. 1940
Island of White Snow #1		Amazing Stories	Feb. 1935
Ivy War, The		Amazing Stories	May 1930
Ivy War, The		THE MATT OF SCIENCE FICTION (Anthol.)	
[La Guerre du Lienné](Fr)(3 pt)		Les Primeires	July 1935
[La Guerre du Lienné](Fr)		LA GUERRE DU LIENNE (Book)	1934
Life Detector, The		Wonder Stories	Feb. 1935
Life Detector, The		Startling Stories	July 1947
Life Everlasting (2 parts)	N	Amazing Stories	July 1934
LIFE OVERLAPPING and Other Tales of Science, Fantasy and Horror by			
David N. Keller, M. D. with an introduction by Sam Moskowitz. The			
issue No., Nov 1932, Clinton Hill Sta., Newark N. J. 582 pages			
plus separate Bibliography. \$5.50.			1940
Literary Darkroom, The		Wonder Stories	Mar. 1934
Literary Darkroom, The		Startling Stories	May 1941
Living Machine, The		Wonder Stories	May 1935
Lost Language, The		Amazing Stories	Jan. 1934
Messias, The #1 (group of 4 stories)		Amazing Stories Quarterly	Dec. 1930
"The Messias", "The Gold Ship",			
"The Tainted Field" and "The			
Islands Arjante".]			
Messias, The #1		Amazing Stories Quarterly	Dec. 1935
Peacocking Claws #1		Amazing Detective Tales	Sep. 1930
Robot Doom, The (3 parts)	N	Amazing Stories	May 1935
Room Keys, The		Wonder Stories Quarterly	Dec. 1930
No More Friction		Thrilling Wonder Stories	June 1939
One Way Tunnel		Wonder Stories	Jan. 1935
Past House, The		Amazing Stories	Feb. 1932
Psychophonic Wars, The		Amazing Stories	Nov. 1938
[La Guerre Automatique](Fr)		LA GUERRE DU LIENNE (Book)	1934
Red Rocket, The		Amazing Stories	Nov. 1931
Red Smith, The		Comic Science Fiction	July 1941
Revolt of the Pedestrians, The		Amazing Stories	Feb. 1938
Scientific Kidnapping #1		Scientific Detective May	Feb. 1930
Service First		Amazing Quarterly	Dec. 1930
Sleeping War, The		Wonder Stories	Feb. 1931
Steam Novel, The		Amazing Stories	Sep. 1931
Stenographer's Hands		Amazing Stories Quarterly	Feb. 1930
Stenographer's Hands		Avon Fantasy Reader	No. 2
[Les Mânes et la Machine](Fr)		Les Primeires	Jan. 1937
[Les Mânes et la Machine](Fr)		LA GUERRE DU LIENNE (Book)	1934
Thought Projector, The (Booklet)		Science Fiction Series	1929
Threat of the Robot, The		Science Wonder Stories	June 1929
Time Projector, The (2 parts)		Wonder Stories	July 1931
(with David Lasser)			

Tree Terror, The	Amazing Stories	Oct. 1933
Twentieth Century Unmanned, A	Amazing Stories	Feb. 1930
Unlocking the Past	Amazing Stories	Sep. 1928
Unto Us a Child is Born	Amazing Stories	July 1933
Unto Us a Child is Born	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
White City, The	Amazing Stories	May 1933
White Collars	Amazing Stories Quarterly	Sum. 1929
Wolf Willow Bubbles (Pamphlet) #1	ARPA Printers, Jamaica, N. Y.	n/a
Worm, The	Amazing Stories	Mar. 1937
Yeast Men, The	Amazing Stories	Apr. 1928
Yeast Men, The	Tales of Wonder	1937

WIND and OFF-TRAIL STORIES by DAVID H. KEELER, M. D.

Battle of the Tonsils #2	Weird Tales	Oct. 1929
Binding de Lux	Marvel Tales	May 1934
Brials, The	Weird Tales	Sep. 1948
Bride Veil, The #2	Weird Tales	Oct. 1930
Calypso's Island	Stirring Science Stories	Apr. 1941
Creation Unforgivable	Weird Tales	Apr. 1930
Dandel and Her Cat	Weird Tales	Apr. 1929
Dead Woman, The	Fantasy Magazine	Apr. 1934
Dead Woman, The	Strange Stories	Apr. 1937
Dead Woman, The	NIGHTMARE BY DAYLIGHT (Anthol)	n/a
Dead Woman, The	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
Death of the Drake	Weird Tales	Mar. 1943
DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR, THE (Book) #	Glen & Schuster, N. Y.	1940
Dogs of Sales	Weird Tales	Sep. 1928
Door Bell, The	Wonder Stories	June 1934
Don't in the House	Weird Tales	July 1928

H

Heavenly Conflict		
(Le Seul Sang Fia)(Fr)	Les Frimaires	July 1939
(A parts published. Publication uncompleted due to war.)		
Face in the Mirror	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
Garnet Kiss, The	The Story Book	Nov. 1929
Goddess of Kiss	Weird Tales	Jan. 1941
Golden Bough, The	Marvel Tales	Vol 1 No 3
Golden Bough, The	Weird Tales	Nov. 1942
Golden Bough, The	GARDEN OF FEAR (Booklet) Fantasy	
Growing Wall, The	Publishing Co., Inc, L. A. N.Y.	1943
Heredity	Science Fiction Quarterly	Win. 1942
Heredity	Vortex Vol 1 No 2	1947
Hidden Monster, The	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1948
Polly Fish, The	Oriental Stories	Sum. 1932
SHIMES OF HILFON TOWNSHIP, THE:	Weird Tales	Jan. 1929
A Study in Democracy (Book)	Well Printing Co., Alexandria, La.	
(A family history, privately printed)	Limited to 500 copies	1927

Ray to Cornwall #2	Stirring Science Stories	Feb. 1941
Rider, The	Gorgon	Jan. 1948
LA GUERRE DE LINER (The Ivy War)	Book of Short Stories in French with	
Introduction by Eugie Mesene. Barcelona, a San-Lo, France. Contests:		
La Guerre de Liner, Les Mains et la Machine & La Science Astron-		
ique. Edition limited to 1000 copies.		1936

Last Frontier, The	The PARACENT	Dec. 1947
Last Magician, The	Weird Tales	May 1938
Lilith's Left Hand	Belles	Oct-Nov '37
Little Madonnas, The	Weird Tales	July 1938
Lords of the Ice	Weird Tales	Oct. 1937
Men of Avalon (Booklet)	Fantasy Publications	n/a
Mother, The	Fantascience Digest	Jan-Feb '38
Moon Artist, The	Cosmic Tales	Dec. 1937
Moon Artist, The	Stirring Science Stories	June 1941
No More Tomorrows	Amazing Stories	Dec. 1932
No More Tomorrows	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1943
No Other Man "2	Weird Tales	Dec. 1937
Perpetual Moonmoon, The	Science-Fantasy Corresp.	Nov-Dec '34
[Le Lune de Miel Perpetuelle](Fr)	Les Frimaires	June 1934
Pit of Doom	Future Fiction	Feb. 1942
Pourquoi (Fr)	Les Frimaires	Feb. 1937
Rider by Night	Fantasy Fan	July 1934
Seeds of Death	Weird Tales	Jan-Feb '35
Seeds of Death	DEAD OF NIGHT (Anthology)	n/a
SIX OF THE SINKING RAY, THE "2	Barbarians, a Sea-Lo, France	1938
(Book, privately printed; limited to 100 copies)		
Solitary Dancers, The (3 parts) "2	Weird Tales	Jan. 1934
Speed Will Be My Guide	Gossamer Stories	Apr. 1941
(titled "The Cheapest Way") (2 pt)	Science Shape Vol 3 No 2	43 1940
Tailed Men of Cornwall "2	Weird Tales	Nov. 1937
Television Detective, The (Pamphlet)	LANFL	Mar. 1934
Thing in the Cellar, The	Weird Tales	Mar. 1938
Thing in the Cellar, The	GRIM TRUTH (Anthology)	n/a
Thing in the Cellar, The	Washington News	Apr. 10, 1934
Thing in the Cellar, The (Booklet)	Kinnear Service	n/a
(with an interview by Julian Schwartz and Mort Weisinger, The		
Psychology of Fear and two poems by E. M. W.)		
Thing in the Cellar, The	COMINATION DIGEST	n/a
Thing in the Cellar, The	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1943
Thirty and One, The "2	Marvel Science Stories	Nov. 1938
Thirty and One, The "2	LIFE EVERLASTING (Book)	1943
Tiger Cat	Weird Tales	July 1938
Toad God, The	Strange Stories	Jan. 1937
Tree of Evil, The "1	Wonder Stories	Sep. 1934
Typewriter, The	Fantastic Tales	Fall 1934
Valley of Enzes	Weird Tales	Jan. 1938
Nature of Love "2	Kirby Publishing Co.	Oct. 1937
What is a Fan? (Article)	National Fantasy Fan	Feb. 1943
What Price Beauty (Article)	The PARACENT	Apr. 1943

Stories by DAVID H. KELLER, M. D. under the name of ART WORTH

Night, Kirby Seven	Ten Story Book	Nov. 1937
Madonnas, The	Ten Story Book	n/a
Master Summer's Adventures	Ten Story Book	Jan. 1938
Mystery of the 33 Stolen Idols	Ten Story Book	
1938 Marriage, A	Paris Nights	Dec. 1937
On the Beach	Ten Story Book	Sep-Oct. '33
Parade, The	Ten Story Book	Jan. 1931

Place of Lincoln	Ten Story Book	Dec. 1933
Place of Lincoln	LIFE STYLANTING (Book)	1948
Baroque Error, A	Ten Story Book	Jan. 1931
Telephone	Ten Story Book	Jan. 1938
Third Generation, The	Ten Story Book	Sep. 1931
Tom Cat Reforms, The	Ten Story Book	Mar. 1934
Turn of the Wheel, The	Ten Story Book	Oct. 1930
Virgin, The	Ten Story Book	Sep. 1930
Woman Are That Way	Ten Story Book	Oct. 1931

Book of Poems by DAVID E. KELLEY, M. D. under the name of HENRY ORILL

SONGS OF A SPANISH LOVER

Wall Printing Co., Alexandria, La.

(Book of poems, privately printed, limited to 50 copies)

*I "Tales of San Francisco" story. *I "Overlord of Caribou" story.
M indicates Novel. TITLES IN CAPITALS indicate books.

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND (Continued)

THE WATCHER IN THE SNOW (Cont.)

the island that was the scene of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal "Treasure Island". Then came Island; and fantastic indeed, the out-of-the-way island of the Owl-lows, on the coast of Yucatan. His account of Grand Cayman does not fail to discuss the belief of its inhabitants in The-Don.

Here, then, are listed and somewhat described, five novels and a travel book which make up most of the author's book-form contribution to fantasy. I make no attempt to describe these books as any pedestal of greatness, nor will I essay to compare England's fiction with that of an others who say have executed fiction of a more or less like character. I do not care to discuss any defects which may exist in his style. He has brought to me unusual and fantastic reading, and he has never failed to entertain me in his stories. An author who has pleased and entertained his reader has been, I think, a success.

To me, the fantasies of George Allan England are treasured reading.

THE END.

naked arm of a tree.

Then the watcher sat once more with his back leaned against a log, peering into the snow in the direction which I traveled.

As for me, I was taken ill at once, with a great and awful horror of what lay between me and the stately city. Turning, I fled in the direction from whence I had come, past the rapids of the Red-creek, past the boiling springs of Tooth, back to where the Kruangha kept pace with me a cross's thorn to my right hand.

And once I looked back to see dimly, the watcher still sitting with the pomel of his sword in his strong, lean fist, and beyond him, a vision of a stately city, neither closer nor farther than when I had first observed it.

THE END.





Synthetic NOSTALGIA

by BOB STONE

Have you ever felt the wish to be in the locale of some of the stories you read? I mean, did you ever wish that you, like the hero, could sit in a night-dish on Mars or picnic on Mars or live in the utterly alien crystal cities of Sigal IV? I have had that feeling before, and am always in search of a new story that will give me the same feeling. I call that desire, that dream, *Synthetic Nostalgia*.

It came over me more frequently when I was new to science-fiction, and was more easily impressed, but it still came at rarer intervals. Stories like "Forgotten World", "Nequias" and "Million Year Picnic" were the ones I thrilled over then and still do when I read them again.

Maybe I'm alone in this particular mood, but sometimes I just become, terribly, the fates that put me here before the day of interstellar flight. Sometimes it's a whole story and sometimes it's just a particular passage that affects me so. But whatever it is, it makes me wish with all my soul that I could be there or had been

there. It's one of the big thrills that I get out of reading fantasy, and should be one of yours.

I don't mean the knee-drum cries of the Space-Neoclassicists or the super-advent stories of weird gadgets, but just the simple, appealing descriptions that make a place live. Oh, there have been tear-jerkers that I have read that could fairly make me burst out crying—like "With Folded Hands." —and tales of the way men have treated aliens that have just plain made me sad—"The Last Men-Story" for instance, but the simple stories of real people are the ones I speak of. The plain but glorious markers set up on the moon to the first pioneers—the way they are described, "in their filmy little space-suits", just do things to me. I'll be old when these things happen. I'm afraid, but I'm sure there will be such things. Don't you feel a bit sad to think that the first men in the Moon are only alive and true now?

I've called this feeling *synthetic nostalgia*, for that is the best way I can describe it. It is a longing for places yet unheard of, and a nostalgia that is not quite, but so near real that you feel it needs just a little dash of reality to make it true, accurate. That's the nostalgia of it. The synthetic is because it has been created out of whole cloth by men like ourselves who live today, and yesterday.

Really, then, to get this poignant yearning for a fictionalized location is a compliment to the author that cannot be expressed in so many words.

That feeling that I've called *synthetic nostalgia* is one of the most precious and measurable things I've gained from reading science-fiction. I only hope that feeling has come to the rest of you, too, so you'll know what I'm talking about.

THE END.

HERBERT E.

HOWARD

of Carlisle, England.

HERBERT E. HOWARD (1906-1936) was born in Texas, the son of a pioneer physician. He started writing at the age of 19. Three years later he sold his first story to *CLIFF TRAIL*. In a very short time his work became popular.

He was versatile and prolific and was one of the few pulp magazine authors who made a living (and a very good one) from his writing alone. He wrote weird, western, sport and adventure fiction as well as poetry, very little of which has been published.

In his writings, he created many memorable characters. Among the most popular of these were: King Kull of Valusia (a kingdom of long ago Atlantis), Conan the Glorious (an ancient barbarian adventurer) and Solomon Kane (a dark English fugitive righter of wrongs).

Of these, Conan had the greatest popularity, and Howard wrote many short stories as well as three novels with him as the central character.

To give more reality to his stories of Conan, Howard created a history of his age; of the peoples and kingdoms of that time, a period pre-dating the present about 15,000 years. This history is as fascinating as any of Howard's stories, and very creditable, showing the author had spent much time and research into ancient history and mythology.

This history is called "The Hyborian Age". It had its beginning with the coming of the pre-cataclysmic civilization, destroyed

by the Kingdoms of Hamite, Yelusia, Vaulia, Grendar, Thule and Casoria. The barbarians of that time were the Picts, Atlanteans and the Lemurians. After the cataclysm, Atlantis and Lemuria sank.

The barbarians faced a little better than the civilized nations during this world upheaval. One band of savages fled to the north to escape destruction. In time, their numbers increased and they became known as the Hyborians. As they increased, they spread southward in an epoch of wandering and conquest.

In time they dominated the western world. The Picts and Atlanteans still remain savages, the the Atlanteans, now known as Glomarians, show an increase in civilization from their close contact with the Hyborian Kingdom, by this time highly civilized.

The principal races of this era were: the Fair and Aerie of Nordheim, blue-eyed and blond or red-haired savages from the north; the Hyborians, by this time a mixture of many races, their characteristics depending upon which part of their large kingdom they inhabit; the Glomarians, tall and powerful, with dark hair and blue or gray eyes; the Picts, short, very dark, with black eyes and hair; the Yrthians, dark and generally tall and slender; the Shemitans, of medium height, broadly and strongly built, with black eyes, dark eyes and black hair; and finally, the Styrians, tall, well built, dusky, straight featured.

The lower classes are a degenerated, mongrel horde; a mixture of negrooid, Styrian, Shemitish and even Hyborian bloods.

Eventually the Hyborian civilization is swept away by the power of the barbarian nations. This is brought about by a Neessian priest who goes into the western wilderness to teach the barbarians and

ers ways.

He instituted many reforms, but, most important, showed the Flies how to mine, smelt and work iron. Also, he brought parties of Flies out into the civilized countries. This made them conscious of what they saw.

Their warriors took service in the mercenary of these countries thus gaining knowledge of modern warfare. Finally they swept the borders of Myrcia with fire and sword. Other nations, seeing the pill, joined in and completed the ruin of the kingdom up to the borders of Myrcia.

There the invasion was stopped, leaving a vast Flitish empire, rude and barbaric, opposed by the Myrcians. Flies and Myrcians fought border skirmishes for a short while, then came the glacier ages and the great Nordic drift.

The Aesir, moving southward, blotted out the ancient Kingdom of Myrcia.

The Cimmerians moved to the east, pushing everything before them. They were followed by the Aesir and Tair and the Flitish empire reeled before them. The Cimmerians destroyed the Myrcian Kingdom of Turan and settled on the north-western shore of an inland sea. The peoples thrown out of this country rode back from the east in a wave of conquest thousands of years later, but now known by new names, such as Hun, Mongol, Tartar and Turk.

The Tair built a vast southern empire which they called Egypt. The western world was dominated by the Nordic barbarians. The blood Achæans, Gauls and Britons were descendants of the Aesir. The Danes were descendants of the Tair. The Goths were descendants of mixed races—Tair, Aesir and Cimmerian. The Gauls came from the Cimmerians, while the Hruscans, base of the Roman race, were from mixed Myrcian, Myrcian and Flitish strains.

But to get back to Conan, Howard took him thru such different stages of development as a thief, an outlaw chieftain, a pirate, a mercenary soldier, a captain of the guards, a commander of armies and finally, ruler of a kingdom.

Conan, in spite of his claim as the leader of fortune, never becomes quite civilized; he remains a barbarian to the end. He enjoyed a good fight, and indeed, if all the blood he let from his enemies was put in one place, it would make quite a lake. Conan was necessary to a good fight with him; he could love them or leave them alone; however, most of his adventures were brought about thru them.

Other writers have been able to create ancient kingdoms, but none has been able to instill life and action into them as Howard has done.

It was a sad day for many

(Continued on Page 28)



MORGAN ROCKEFELLER'S WILL by
Francis H. Clarke. Clarke-Open
Publishing Co. 1933.

This interesting, if disappointing future novel is a rarity indeed. Its scariness is attested by the fact that the title is not only missing from the CHECK-LIST, but also from the Library of Congress Catalogue of Printed Cards.

Published here in Portland, the story opens in 1970 when Morgan Rockefeller, the great-great-great grandson of the late John D. Rockefeller, is ruler over the United States in all but name. An organization known as the "Weeper" is trying to bring about his downfall. However, Morgan, a benevolent despot, dies from a broken heart. Consternation reigns when the will is read. Rockefeller leaves all his property to the United States Government, a most unusual thing to do in that future day. The complications are heightened by the discovery that the only living descendant of Morgan is the beautiful Helen Channing, head of the "Weeper" organization. Nobody wants Morgan Rockefeller's property and all is confusion. The conclusion is worked out to the author's satisfaction and the reader's boredom.

Studying Mr. Clarke's political and sociological philosophy, one becomes puzzled. The author's idea of Utopia seems to be a potpourri of Socialism, Communism, business paternalism, religion and a generous dash of Fraternitism. In this reviewer's opinion, the result is hash.

Leaving Mr. Clarke's philosophy bloodied in the dust, we turn to more interesting insights. Chief among these is the invention of the "Mirage Reflector" which bears a close resemblance to television, although the basic principles of each differ quite a bit. Only de-

sign has been altered to a type of winged craft that glides along the surface of the ocean. No mention whatever is made of aircraft. An interesting and uncomfortable scheme is the planting of bombs beneath each large city of the United States. These bombs are to be detonated from one central chamber should the "Roguestate" rise in revolt. In this future world, the United States capital has been moved to St. Louis. Outside of these few concepts, Clarke's 1970 is an extension of the life of 1933.

A noteworthy paradox is the fact that while the story is sub-titled "A Romance of 1971-2", ninety-eight percent of the action occurs in 1970. This 1970 will be remembered by readers of this story, as the longest year in history. The novel begins in 1970 and approximately eighteen months later, it is still 1970.

In regretful conclusion, the book retains its dignity only as a comic. Adding up Mr. Clarke's prose style, Victorian characterization and confused philosophy, the sum is "C". —Eric Atlas

HIS MYSTIC MAJESTY (Knights of the Flame) by William A. Smith.
Liberty Publishing Co. 1933.

This curious and rare (it is not to be found in THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASY LITERATURE) tome is a lachrymated blend of fantasy, allegory, Americanism and foolishness.

The plot revolves about Columbian; a plain, ordinary American, until he is told by an imaginary knight to trace back his ancestry. Doing so, he discovers himself a descendant of nobility. This gives him easy grandiose ideas. During the course of events, he goes to England, digs up and revivifies an ancient ancestor and returns home to America, only to be disappoint-

ed by the English King's refusal to give him a title. Columbian's notions about the duties of a Knight of the Garter, the Master of the rolls, and sundry other officers result in some heavy-handed humor.

The latter portion of the book deals with Columbian's visit to Pseudoland and his discovery that plain, old Americanism is the best way of life. While fantasy is not eschewed, the book is sprinkled liberally with satire and sarcasm. Among these are the descent of a foster-child from the sky; the appearance of the head of Columbian's mother in a ball of fire; the visit to Pseudoland where strange inventions are explained and logical happenings take place. An airship flies from country to country (remember this was written 1903!).

There are several illustrations which are rather crude, yet striking. The author also provides many bits of dialogue under the delusion that they are poetry. They will not increase the reader's enjoyment.

In conclusion, if the reader is willing to make thru quite a bit of insanity, he may find pleasure in the perusal of this festsicle.

—Eric Atlas

ROBERT E. HOWARD (Continued)

of his readers when he died at the early age of 30. Just when he was on the threshold of who knows how great a success as a writer.

A collection of his stories has been published by Arthur Weess, under the title of "Bull-Head and Others". These stories have, for the most part, been taken from **WEIRD TALE** magazine, and while it is an excellent compilation, I think it would have been better for a full-length Conan novel. But then, I won't be satisfied until all of Howard's works have been put into book form. **THE END.**

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"Toucan"

JACQUES (Continued)

n't her racket. Around the corner of the bar was one of the few French bar-flies I ever saw. However, the intervening space was covered by the steady eye of Madame la caissière, and it was clear that she would stand for an foolishness.

I shrugged. Doubtlessly I had drunk it in the heat of our discussion. I ordered another. Marcel set it up; I downed it and reached for the beer. The glass was empty.

Furtively I surveyed my surroundings again. Could it be that I had drunk that man? Nothing daunted, I ordered another cognac and another beer. This time I kept each glass firmly clenched in a sweaty hand. I spoke to Marcel and glancing down, saw the level slowly slipping down in the cognac glass. This looked familiar. Slowly relinquishing my grip on the beer glass, I made a quick grab.

There was a brief flurry as I felt a pair of familiar leathery wings struggling in my grasp, then, strangely, a small smooth sleek animal against the back of my hand. This tentacle stroked my wrist curiously and there was a quick shadow of ecstasy. It was the first of the only two times I ever knew Jacques to unhand. In spite of his colossal self-sufficiency, I imagine the poor little fellow had been loosed. Certain it was that he was glad to see me, tho he immediately resumed his aloof pose. During the next several months, Jacques was seldom far from my side.

No sooner had I brought Jacques back to the train than his actions brought him to the attention of the whole outfit. It was in connection with inspections, which he detested, that he made himself

most felt. The wrinkles in the blouse where he rested briefly after they had been carefully smoothed—the "nice"—lint tails—he dragged out from some obscure corner, to repose in full view of the inspecting officers.

It also became inadvisable to leave valuable articles such as soap lying around—Jacques would promptly take them out and peddle them on the black-market.

All this led to the need for many explanations. To simplify these, I drew a portrait of Jacques. To describe his excitement while the work was in progress would be difficult. Time after time, I had recourse to the crazer as Jacques. In his excited flatterings, begged my arm. Others put the difficulty down to my own artistic ineptitude or the jolting of the train. In any case, eventually it was done and we went about for a suitable place to display it.

Opening onto the corridor from our compartments were windows and a sliding door, also containing an aspect of glass. I finally attached the picture to the inside of the glass on the door. With the door open and the side shade pulled down, it was covered, to be revealed only when the door shut.

Jacques' excitement over his portrait lasted for some time, but it was when he had an admiring audience, that his enthusiasm got completely out of hand. So it was, the next morning when I took one of our cars, Lt. Lesna Harwig, late our compartment to show her Jacques' portrait. Jacques hovered in joyous anticipation as I entered her in. As I closed the door, revealing the portrait, Jacques flew into a frenzy of excitement. He darted hither and yon. He danced with joy. Unfortunately, in his wild dancing, he side-slipped into a fire, ending, knees prodding and tentacles flailing,

against a particularly sensitive part of La. Hartwig's anatomy. Striking low, he found himself prevented in a part of her clothing where the fabric was unsupported by the fore beneath. Struggling to catch himself and following the lines of least resistance, he came upward.

Joseph being inviolable, and I standing behind her, La. Hartwig unfortunately put the wrong interpretation on the incident. She screamed!

"No, Don't Don't!" La. Hartwig was a healthy girl and had a strong voice. It carried. It carried so well that when, shortly, we left the apartment, it was to be met with heads sticking out of every door along the corridor.

That was only the beginning of the sensations that were to be heaped upon my innocent head because of Joseph. To catalogue the charges of drink-stealing, of "frottage", that I endured in the next few months, would be hopeless.

Joseph rode us like some inviolable "Man of the Mountains". It was at this time that I took to ordering my cognacs in pairs. It sometimes caused a little comment, but it stopped Joseph from stealing the other patron's drinks, thereby inviting suspicion on us. This last gave us an undeserved reputation as a drunkenness that was to evoke comments, raising its suspicion, from one to disgust. If the truth be known, I'm afraid my own conscience did increase during that time, due to Joseph's bad example.

In all this time, Joseph still had not uttered a word.

About this time we asked a taxi-cab on Joseph's part to go native. He paid no attention when addressed in English, responding only when the language used was French. He turned us on and more to the company of such French peo-

ple as would tolerate him. Most of them tended to ignore him, but he found acceptance among the wife waiters and prostitutes. Especially since the Americans came, nothing surprised a French prostitute. They considered him merely another American, no stronger than most others.

It was on a night late in September, that I lost our Joseph. We had come again to Paris. It was just after eleven and the Cafe Mart had closed. We were taking a shortest hack to the train. Joseph was perched on my shoulder as we threaded our way thru the dash of a back street near Place Blanche.

Suddenly I noted the flutter of tiny wings. So Joseph had flown off to investigate something on our route. But no, Joseph's weight still rested on my shoulder, but I felt him stiffen. Abruptly the burden was gone from my shoulder.

I heard voices, but to my straining eyes, the street was empty.

"On allez vous, Mademoiselle?" An undistinguished woman, a fading glint and more murmuring of which I could distinguish only the same girlish voice saying, "Oo-la-la," and the most command, "Bonne nuit, Monsieur."

Then as my eyes and ears strained into the darkness, a familiar flutter of wings approached.

"Allez, mon ami," said Joseph. How ironic that his first words to us should be a farewell.

So great was the shock of hearing him speak after all these years that I could only murmur, "Au revoir."

"Pas au revoir," he replied gently, "Allez. Je ne reviens plus."

And as I stood there stunned, listening to the beat of two pairs of tiny wings flitting off into the Paris night, I wondered.

Could it be that Joseph was a true lebbly? A French lebbly?

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